Againſt my childe, my daughter *Hermia*.
Stand forth Demetrius.
My noble Lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her.
Stand forth Liſander.
And my gratious Duke,
This man hath bewitcht the boſome of my childe,
Thou, thou *Lyſander*, thou haſt giuen her rimes,
And interchang'd loue tokens with my childe:
Thou haſt, by moone-light, at her windowe ſung,
With faining voice, verſes of faining loue,
And ſtolne the impreſſion of her phantaſie:
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,
Knackes, trifles, noſegaies, ſweete meates (meſſengers
Of ſtrong preuailement in vnhardened youth)
With cunning haſt thou filcht my daughters heart,
Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee)
To ſtubborne harſhneſſe. And, my gratious Duke,
Be it ſo, ſhe will not here, before your Grace,
Conſent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the auncient priuiledge of *Athens*:
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be, either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our lawe,
Immediatly prouided, in that caſe.
The. What ſay you, *Hermia*? Be aduiſ'd, faire maid.
To you, your father ſhould be as a God:
One that compoſ'd your beauties: yea and one,
To whome you are but as a forme in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or diſfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is *Liſander*. *The.* In himſelfe he is:
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.

Her.

Her. I would my father looke but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes muſt, with his iudgement, looke.
Her. I doe intreat your grace, to pardon mee.
I know not by what power, I am made bould;
Nor how it may concerne my modeſty,
In ſuch a preſence, here to plead my thoughts:
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may knowe
The worſt that may befall mee in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed *Demetrius*.
The. Either to dy the death, or to abiure,
For euer, the ſociety of men.
Therefore, faire *Hermia*, queſtion your deſires,
Knowe of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeelde not to your fathers choyce)
You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,
For aye to be in ſhady cloyſter, mew'd
To liue a barraine ſiſter all your life,
Chaunting faint hymnes, to the colde fruitleſſe Moone.
Thriſe bleſſed they, that maſter ſo there bloode,
To vndergoe ſuch maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlyer happy is the roſe diſtild,
Then that, which, withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſſe.
Her. So will I growe, ſo liue, ſo die my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin Patent, vp
Vnto his Lordſhippe, whoſe vnwiſhed yoake
My ſoule conſents not to giue ſouerainty.
The. Take time to pawſe, and by the next newe moone,
The ſealing day, betwixt my loue and mee,
For euerlaſting bond of fellowſhippe,
Vpon that day either prepare to dye;
For diſobedience to your fathers will,
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius*, as he would,
Or on *Dianaes* altar to proteſt,
For aye, auſteritie and ſingle life.